

LEWIS BABOON
Turned Honest,
AND
JOHN BULL
POLITICIAN.

BEING 1485.6.4.

The Fourth Part
OF
Law is a Bottomless-Pit.

Printed from a Manuscript found in the Cabinet of the famous Sir Humphry Poleworth; And Publish'd, (as well as the Three former Parts and *Appendix*) by the Author of the *NEW ATALANTIS.*

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THE PREFACE.

WHEN I was first call'd to the Office of Historiographer to John Bull, he express'd himself to this Purpose: Sir Humphry, I know you are a plain Dealer; it is for that Reason I have chosen you for this important Trust; speak the Truth, and spare not. That I might fulfil those his honourable Intentions, I obtain'd Leave to repair to, and attend him in his most secret Retirements; and I put the Journals of all Transactions into a strong Box, to be open'd at a fitting Occasion, after the Manner of the Historiographers of some Eastern Monarchs: This I thought was the safest Way; tho' I declare I was never afraid to be chop'd by my Master for telling of Truth. It is from those Journals that my Memoirs are compil'd: Therefore let not Posterity, a Thousand Years hence, look for Truth in the voluminous Annals of Pedants, who are intirely ignorant of the secret Springs of great Actions; if they do, let me tell them, they will be Nebus'd. With incredible Pains have I endeavour'd to copy the several Beauties of the ancient and modern Historians; the impartial Temper of Herodotus, the Gravity, Austerity, and

strict Morals of Thucidides, the extensive Knowledge of Xenophon, the Sublimity and Grandeur of Titus Livius, and to avoid the careless Style of Polybius : I have borrow'd considerable Ornaments from Dionysius Halicarnasseus and Diodorus Siculus : The specious Gilding of Tacitus I endeavour'd to shun. Mariana, Davila, and Fra. Paulo, are those amongst the Moderns whom I thought most worthy of Imitation ; but I cannot be so disingenuous, as not to own the infinite Obligations I have to the Pilgrim's Progress of John Bunyon, and the Tenter Belly of the Reverend Joseph Hall. From such Encouragement and Helps, it is easy to guess to what a Degree of Perfection I might have brought this great Work, had it not been nip'd in the Bud by some illiterate People in both Houses of Parliament, who envying the great Figure I was to make in future Ages, under Pretence of raising Money for the War, have padlock'd all those very Pens that were to celebrate the Actions of their Heroes, by silencing at once the whole University of Grubstreet. I am perswaded, that nothing but the Prospect of an approaching Peace could have encourag'd them to make so bold a Step. But suffer me, in the Name of the rest of the Matriculates of that famous University, to ask them some plain Questions : Do they think that Peace will bring along with it the Golden Age ? Will there be never a Dying Speech of a Traitor ? Are Cethegus and Cataline turn'd so tame, that there will be no Opportunity to cry about the Streets, A Dangerous Plot ? Will Peace bring such Plenty, that no Gentleman

tleman will have Occasion to go upon the Highway, or break into a House? I am sorry that the World should be so much impos'd upon by the Dreams of a False Prophet, as to imagine the Millennium is at hand. O Grubstreet! thou fruitful Nursery of tow'ring Genius's! how do I lament thy Downfall? Thy Ruin could never be meditated by any who meant well to English Liberty: No modern Lycaum will ever equal thy Glory, whether in soft Pastorals, thou sung the Flames of pamper'd Apprentices and coy Cook-Maids, or mournful Ditties of departing Lovers; or if to Mæonian Strains thou rais'd thy Voice, to record the Stratagems, the arduous Exploits, and the nocturnal Scalade of needy Heroes, the Terror of your peaceful Citizen, describing the Powerful Betty, or the artful Picklock, or the secret Caverns and Grotto's of Vulcan sweating at his Forge, and stamping the Queen's Image on viler Metals, which he retails for Beef, and Pots of Ale; or if thou wert content in simple Narrative to relate the cruel Acts of implacable Revenge, or the Complaints of ravish'd Virgins, blushing to tell their Adventure before the listening Crowd of City Damsels, whilst in thy faithful History thou intermingles the gravest Counsels and the purest Morals: Nor less acute and piercing wert thou in thy Search and pompous Description of the Works of Nature, whether in proper and Emphatick Terms thou didst paint the blazing Comets fiery Tail, the stupendous Force of dreadful Thunder and Earthquakes, and the unrelenting Inundations. Sometimes, with Machiavelian Sagacity, thou unravellest the Intrigues of State,

State, and the traitorous Conspiracies of Rebels giving wise Counsel to Monarchs. How didst thou move our Terror and our Pity with thy passionate Scenes, between Jack-catch and the Heroes of the Old-Baily ! How didst thou describe their intrepid March up Holborn-Hill ! Nor didst thou shine less in thy theological Capacity, when thou gavest ghostly Counsel to dying Felons, and recorded the guilty Pangs of Sabbath-breakers ! How will the noble Arts of John Overton's Painting and Sculpture now languish ! where rich Invention, proper Expression, correct Design, divine Altitudes, and artful Contract, heighten'd with the Beauties of Clar-Obscur, embellish'd thy celebrated Pieces to the Delight and Astonishment of the judicious Multitude ! Adieu persuasive Eloquence ! the quaint Metaphor, the poignant Irony, the proper Epithet, and the lively Simile, are fled to Burleigh on the Hill : Instead of these, we shall have I know not what.

* Vid. Bp. of St. Asaph's Preface.

* The Illiterate will tell the rest with Pleasure ! I hope the Reader will excuse the Digression, due by way of Condolance, to my worthy Brethren of Grubstreet, for the approaching Barbarity that is likely to overspread all its Regions, by this oppressive and exorbitant Tax. It has been my good Fortune to receive my Education there, and so long as I preserv'd some Figure and Rank amongst the Learned of that Society, I scorned to take my Degree either at Utrecht or Leyden, though I was offer'd it gratis by the Professors there.

LEWIS

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Turned Honest,

AND

JOHN BULL

POLITICIAN.

C H A P. I.

The Sequel of the History of the Meeting at the Salutation.

WHere, I think, I left *John Bull*, sitting between *Nic. Frog* and *Lewis Baboon*, with his Arms *a-kimbo*, in great Concern to keep *Lewis* and *Nic.* asunder. As watchful as he was, *Nic.* found the Means, now and then, to steal a Whisper, and, by a cleanly Conveyance under the Table,

ble, to slip a short Note into *Lewis's* Hand, which *Lewis* as flyly put into *John's* Pocket, with a Pinch or a Jog, to warn him what he was about. *John* had the Curiosity to retire into a Corner, to peruse these *Billet deux* of *Nic's*; wherein he found, that *Nic.* had used great Freedoms, both with his Interest and Reputation. One contained these Words, *Dear Lewis, Thou seest clearly that this Blockhead can never bring his Matters to bear: Let thee and me talk to night by our selves at the Rose, and I'll give the Satisfaction.* Another was thus expref'd; *Friend Lewis, Has thy Sense quite forsaken thee, to make *Bull* such Offers? Hold fast, part with nothing, and I will give thee a better Bargain, I'll warrant thee.*

In some of his *Billets*, he told *Lewis* " that " *John Bull* was under his *Guardianship*; that " the best Part of his *Servants* were at his " *Command*; that he could have *John* gagg'd " and bound whenever he pleased, by the " *People* of his own *Family*." In all these *Epistles*, *Blockhead*, *Dunce*, *Ass*, *Coxcomb*, were the best *Epithets* he gave poor *John*: In others he threatned, " that *He*, *Esquire* " *South*, and the rest of the *Tradesmen*, would " lay *Lewis* down upon his *Back*, beat out " his *Teeth*, if he did not retire immediately, " and break up the *Meeting*. I

I fancy I need not tell my Reader, that John often chang'd Colour as he read, and that his Fingers itch'd to give *Nic.* a good Slap on the Chops; but he wisely moderated his choleric Temper: ' I sav'd this Fellow (quoth he) from the Gallows, when he ran away from his last Master, because I thought he was harshly treated; but the Rogue was no sooner safe under my Protection, than he began to lie, pilfer, and steal, like the Devil: When I first set him up in a warm House, he had hardly put up his Sign, when he began to debauch my best Customers from me: Then it was his constant Practice to rob my Fish-Ponds, not only to feed his Family, but to trade with the Fishmongers: I conniv'd at the Fellow till he began to tell me, that they were his as much as mine: In my Manour of *Eastcheap*, because it lay at some Distance from my constant Inspection, he broke down my Fences, robb'd my Orchards, and beat my Servants. When I us'd to reprimand him for his Tricks, he would talk faulcily, lye, and brazen it out, as if he had done nothing amiss. Will nothing cure thee of thy Pranks *Nic.* (quoth I?) I shall be forced, some time or another, to chaste thee: The Rogue got up his Cane and

threatned me, and was well thwack'd for his Pains: But I think his Behaviour at this time worst of all; after I have almost drowned my self, to keep his Head above Water, he would leave me sticking in the Mud, trusting to his Goodness to help me out. After I have beggar'd my self with his troublesome Law-Suit, with a Pox to him, he takes it in mighty Dudgeon because I have brought him here to end Matters amicably, and because I won't let him make me over, by Deed and Indenture, as his lawful Cully; which to my certain Knowledge, he has attempted several times. But, after all, canst thou gather Grapes from Thorns? *Nic.* does not pretend to be a Gentleman, he is a Tradesman, a self-seeking Wretch, but how canst thou to bear all this, *John*? The Reason is plain; Thou conferrest the Benefits, and he receives them; the first produces Love, and the last Ingratitude: Ah! *Nic.* *Nic.* thou art a damn'd Dog, that's certain; thou knowest too well, that I will take care of thee, else thou wouldst not use me thus: I won't give thee up, it is true; but as true as it is, thou shalt not sell me, according to thy laudable Custom. While *John* was deep in this Soliloquy,

‘ Iiloquy, Nic. broke out into the following
‘ Protestation.

Gentlemen,

‘ I believe every Body here present will
‘ allow me to be a very just and disinterested
‘ Person. My Friend *John Bull* here is
‘ very angry with me, forsooth, because I
‘ won’t agree to his foolish Bargains. Now
‘ I declare to all Mankind, I should be rea-
‘ dy to sacrifice my own Concerns to his
‘ Quiet: But the Care of his Interest, and
‘ that of the honest Tradesmen that are em-
‘ bark’d with us, keeps me from entring in-
‘ to this Composition. What shall become
‘ of those poor Creatures? The Thoughts
‘ of their impending Ruin disturbs my
‘ Night’s Rest, therefore I desire they may
‘ speak for themselves. If they are willing
‘ to give up this Affair, I shan’t make two
‘ Words of it.

John Bull begg’d him to lay aside that im-
moderate Concern for him; and withal, put
him in mind, that the Interest of those
Tradesmen had not sat quite so heavy upon
him some Years ago, on a like Occasion. Nic.
answer’d little to that, but immediately
pull’d out a Boatswain’s Whistle; upon the
first Whiff, the Tradesmen came jumping
into the Room, and began to surround *Lewis*

like so many yelping Curs about a great Boar, or, to use a modester Simile, like Duns at a great Lord's Leve the Morning he goes into the Country ; one pull'd him by the Sleeve, another by the Skirt, a third hal-low'd in his Ear ; they began to ask him for all that had been taken from their Forefathers by Stealth, Fraud, Force, or lawful Purchase ; some ask'd for Manours, others for Acres, that lay convenient for them ; that he would pull down his Fences, level his Ditches ; all agreed in one common Demand, that he should be purg'd, sweated, vomited, and starv'd, till he came to a sizeable Bulk, like that of his Neighbours ; one modestly ask'd him Leave to call him Brother ; *Nic. Frog* demanded two Things, to be his Porter and his Fishmonger, to keep the Keys of his Gates, and furnish his Kitchen ; *John's Sister Peg* only desir'd that he would let his Servants sing Psalms a Sundays ; some de-scended even to the asking of old Cloaths, Shoes, and Boots, broken Bottles, Tobacco-pipes, and Ends of Candles.

Monsieur *Bull* (quoth *Lewis*) you seem to be a Man of some Breeding ; for God's sake use your Interest with these Messieurs, that they wou'd speak but one at once ; for if one had

had a hundred pair of Hands, and as many Tongues, he cannot satisfy them all at this Rate. *John* begg'd they might proceed with some Method ; then they stop'd all of a sudden, and would not say a Word. If this be your Play (quoth *John*) that we may not be like a Quaker's dumb Meeting, let us begin some Diversion ; what d'ye think of Rouly-Pouly, or a Country-Dance ? What if we should have a Match at Football ! I am sure we shall never end Matters at this Rate.

C H A P. II.

How John Bull and Nic. Frog settled their Accompts.

J. Bull. *During this general Cessation of Talk, what if You and I Nic. should enquire how Money-Matters stand between us ?*

Nic. Frog. *With all my Heart, I love exact Dealing ; and let Hocus Audit ; he knows how the Money was disburs'd.*

J. Bull. *I am not much for that at present ; we'll settle it between Our selves : Fair and Square, Nic. keeps Friends together. There have been laid out in this Law-Suit, at one time 36000 Pounds and 40000 Crowns : In some Cases I, in others you, bear the greatest Proportion.*

Nic.

Nic. Right : I pay three Fifths of the greatest Number, and you pay two Thirds of the lesser Number; I think this is Fair and Square as you call it.

Jahn. Well, go on.

Nic. Two Thirds of 36000 Pounds are 24000 Pounds for your Share, and there remains 12000 for mine. Again, Of the 40000 Crowns I pay 24000, which is three Fifths, and you pay only 16000, which is two Fifths; 24000 Crowns make 6000 Pounds, and 16000 Crowns make 4000 Pounds: 12000 and 6000 make 18000: 24000 and 4000 makes 28000. So there are 18000 Pounds to my Share of the Expences, and 28000 to yours.

After Nic. had bamboualed John a while about the 18000 and the 28000, John call'd for Counters; but what with Slight of Hand, and taking from his own Score and adding to John's, Nic. brought the Ballance always on his own Side.

J. Bull Nay, good Friend Nic. though I am not quite so nimble in the Fingers, I understand Cyphering as well as you; I will produce you my Accompts one by one, fairly writ out of my own Books: And here I begin with the first. You must excuse me if I don't pronounce the Law Terms right,

[John

[John Reads.]

Fees to the Lord Ch. Justice,	l.	s.	d.
and other Judges, by way of Dividend :	200	10	06
Fees to puny Judges :	50	00	00
To Esquire South for post Terminums :	100	10	06
To ditto for Non est Factum :	200	00	00
To ditto for Discontinuance, Noli prosequi, and Retraxit :	80	10	06
To ditto for a Non Omittas, and Filing a post Diem :	50	00	00
To Hocus for a Dedimus pote statem :	300	00	00
To ditto for Casas and Fifas after a Devastavit :	500	00	00
To ditto for a Capias ad compunctionum :	100	10	06
To Frog's new Tenants per Account to Hocus, for Audita querelas :	200	00	00
On the said Account for Writs of Ejectment and Distressing :	300	00	00
To Esquire South's Quota for a Return of a Non est inventum and nulla habet bona :	150	10	00
To ----- for a Pardon in forma pauperis :	200	00	00
Carried over	2432	12	00
Brought			

l. s. d.

Brought over -- 2432 12 00

To Jack for a <i>melius inquirendum</i> upon a <i>Felo de se</i> -	100 00 00
To Don Diego for a <i>Defecit</i> -	50 00 00
To Coach-hire -	500 00 00
For Treats to Juries and Witnesses -	300 00 00
Sum	3382 12 00

Due by Nic. Frog.	1691 06 00
Of which paid by Nic. Frog	1036 11 00

Remains due by Nic. Frog	654 15 00
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Then Nic. Frog pull'd his Bill out of his Pocket, and began to read.

Nicholas Frog's Account.
Remains to be deducted out of the former Account.

To Hocus for Entries of a <i>Rege in consulto</i> -	200 00 00
To John Bull's Nephew for a <i>Venire facias</i> , the Money not yet all laid out -	300 00 00
Carried over --	500 00 00
Brought	

Brought over -- 500 00 00

The Coach-hire for my Wife
and Family, and the Car-
riage of my Goods during } 200 10 06
the Time of this Law-Suit.

For the extraordinary Expen-
ces of feeding my Family } 500 00 00
during this Law-Suit - - }

To Major Ab. - - - - 300 00 00
To Major Will. - - - - 200 00 00

Sum 1700 10 06
From which deduct 1691 06 00

There remains due to Nit. Frog 09 04 06

Besides, recollecting, I believe I paid for
Diego's Defecit.

John Bull. As for your *Venire facias*, I have
paid you for one already; in the other, I be-
lieve you will be nonsuited: I'll take care of
my Nephew my self. Your Coach-hire and
Family Charges are most unreasonable De-
ductions; at that Rate, I can bring in any
Man in the World my Debtor. But who the
Devil are those two *Majors* that consume all

my Money? I find they always run away with the Ballance in all Accompts.

Nic. Frog. Two very honest Gentlemen, I assure you, that have done me some Service. To tell you plainly *Major Ab.* denotes thy greater Ability, and *Major Will* thy greater Willingness to carry on this Law-suit. It was but reasonable thou shouldst pay both for thy Power and thy Positiveness.

J. Bull. I believe I shall have those two honest Majors discount on my side in a little Time.

Nic. Frog. Why all this Higgling with thy Friend about such a paltry Sum? Does this become the Generosity of the Noble and Rich *John Bull?* I wonder thou art not ashamed. Oh *Hocus! Hocus!* where art thou, it used to go another gues manner in thy Time, when a poor Man has almost undone himself for thy Sake, thou art for fleecing him and fleecing him; is that thy Conscience *John.*

J. Bull. Very pleasant indeed; it is well known thou retains thy Lawyers by the Year, so a fresh Law-suit adds but little to thy Expence, they are thy Customers, I hardly ever ell them a Farthings worth of any thing; nay, thou hast set up an Eating-house, where the whole Tribe of them spend all they can rap-
e run; if it were well reckon'd, I believe thou

thou gets more of my Money than thou spends of thy own: However, if thou wilt needs plead Poverty, own at least that thy Accompts are false.

Nic. Frog. No marry won't I, I refer my self to these honest Gentlemen, let them judge between us; let Esquire *South* speak his Mind, whether my Accounts are not right, and whether we ought not to go on with our Law-suit.

J. Bull. Consult the Butchers about keeping of *Lent*. I tell you once for all, *John Bull* knows where his Shoe pinches, none of your Esquires shall give him the Law, as long as he wears this trusty Weapon by his Side, or has an Inch of broad Cloth in his Shop.

Nic. Frog. Why there it is, you will be both Judge and Party; I am sorry thou discoverest so much of thy head-strong Humour before these strange Gentlemen, I have often told you that it would prove thy Ruin some time or another.

John saw clearly he should have nothing but wrangling, and that he should have as little Success in settling his Accounts as sending the Composition: Since they will needs overload my Shoulders (quoth *John*) I shall throw down the Burden with a squash amongst them, take it up who dares; a Man has a fine

time of it, amongst a Combination of Sharers, that Vouch for one anothers Honesty. *John* look to thy self, *Old Lewis* makes reasonable Offers, when thou hast spent the small Pittance that is left, thou wilt make a glorious Figure when thou art brought to live upon *Nic. Frog* and *Esquire South's* Generosity and Gratitude, if they use thee thus, when they want thee, what will they do when thou wants them? I say again, *John* look to thy self?

John wisely stifled his Resentments, and told the Company, that in a little time he should give them Law, or something better.

All. Law! Law! Sir, by all means, what is Twenty Two poor Years towards the finishing a Law-suit? For the Love of God, more Law, Sir!

J. Bull. Prepare your Demands, how many Years more of Law you want, that I may order my Affairs accordingly. In the mean while farewell.

C H A P. III.

How John Bull found all his Family in an Uproar at Home.

Nic. Frog, who thought of nothing but carrying *John* to the Market, and there disposing

disposing of him as his own proper Goods, was mad to find that *John* thought himself now of Age to look after his own Affairs : He resolv'd to traverse this new Project, and to make him uneasy in his own Family. He had corrupted or deluded most of his Servants into the extravagantest Conceits in the World, that their Master was run mad, and wore a Dagger in one Pocket, and Poison in the other ; that he had sold his Wife and Children to *Lewis*, disinherited his Heir, and was going to settle his Estate upon a Parish Boy ; that if they did not look after their Master, he would do some very mischievous Thing. When *John* came home, he found a more surprising Scene than any he had yet met with, and that you will say was somewhat extraordinary.

He call'd his Cook-maid *Betty* to bespeak his Dinner, *Betty* told him, That she beg'd his Pardon, she could not dress Dinner till she knew what he intended to do with his Will. Why, *Betty*, Forsooth (quoth *John*) thou art not run mad art thou ? My Will at present is to have Dinner : That may be (quoth *Betty*) but my Conscience won't allow me to dress it, till I know whether you intend to do righteous Things by your Heir ? I am sorry for that *Betty* (quoth *John*) I must find some body

body else then. Then he call'd *John* the Barber. Before I begin (quoth *John*) I hope your Honour won't be offended, if I ask you whether you intend to alter your Will? If you won't give me a positive Answer, your Beard may grow down to your Middle, for me. I gad and so it shall (quoth *Bull*) for I will never trust my Throat in such a mad Fellow's Hands. Where's *Dick* the Butler? Look ye (quoth *Dick*) I am very willing to serve you in my Calling, d'ye see, but there are strange Reports, and plain-dealing is best, d'ye see. I must be satisfied, if you intend to leave all to your Nephew, and if *Nic. Frog* is still your Executor, d'ye see; if you will not satisfie me as to these Points, d'ye see, you may drink with the Ducks: And so I will (quoth *John*) rather than keep a Butler that loves my Heir better than my self. *Hob* the Shoemaker, and *Pricket* the Taylor told him, they would most willingly serve him in their several Stations, if he would promise them never to talk with *Lewis Baboon*, and let *Nicolas Frog*, Linnen-draper, manage his Concerns; that they could neither make Shoes nor Cloaths to any that were not in good Correspondence with their worthy Friend *Nicolas*.

J. Bull.

J. Bull. Call Andrew my Journey-Man :
How goes Affairs, Andrew ? I hope the De-
vil has not taken Possession of thy Body too.

Andrew. No, Sir, I only desire to know
what you would do if you were dead ?

J. Bull. Just as other dead Folks do, Andrew.
This is Amazing. [Aside.]

Andrew. I mean if your Nephew shall in-
herit your Estate ?

J. Bull. That depends upon himself. I
shall do nothing to hinder him.

Andrew. But will you make it sure ?

J. Bull. Thou mean'st, that I should put
him in Possession, for I can make it no surer
without that, he has all the Law can give
him.

Andrew. Indeed Possession, as you say,
would make it much surer ; they say, it is
Eleven Points of the Law.

John began now to think that they were
all enchanted ; he enquires about the Age
of the Moon, if Nic. had not given them
some intoxicating Potion, or if old Mother
Jenifa was not still alive. No, o'my Faith
(quoth Harry) I believe there is no Potion in
the Case, but a little *Aurum Potabile*. You
will have more of this by and by. He had
scarce spoke the Word, when of a sudden
Don Diego, follow'd by a great Multitude of
his

his Tenants and Work-men, came rushing into the Room.

D. Diego. Since those worthy Persons, who are as much concern'd for your Safety as I am, have employ'd me as their Orator, I desire to know whether you will have it by way of *Syllogism, Enthymem, Dilemma or Sorites.* John now began to be diverted with their Extravagance.

J. Bull. Let's have a *Sorites* by all means, tho' they are all new to me.

D. Diego. It is evident to all that are versed in History, that there were two *Sisters* that play'd the Whore, two thousand Years ago: Therefore it plainly follows, that it is not lawful for *John Bull* to have any Manner of Entercourse with *Lewis Baboon*. If it is not lawful for *John Bull* to have any Manner of Entercourse (Correspondence, if you will, that is much the same thing) then *a Fortiori*, it is much more, unlawful for the said *John* to make over his Wife and Children to the said *Lewis*; also his Wife and Children are not to be made over, he is not to wear a Dagger and Ratsbane in his Pockets; if he wears a Dagger & Ratsbane, it must be to do Mischief to himself or some body else; if he intends to do Mischief, he ought to be under Guardians, and there is none so fit as my self.

self and some other worthy Persons, who have a Commission for that purpose from *Nic. Frog*, the Executor of his Will and Testament.

J. Bull. And this is your *Sorites*, you say; with that he snatch'd a good tough Oaken Cudgel, and began to brandish it; then happy was the Man that was first at the Door; crowding to get out, they tumbled down Stairs; and it is credibly reported, some of them drop'd very valuable Things in the Hurry, which were pick'd up by others of the Family.

That any of these Rogues (quoth *John*) should imagine I am not as much concern'd as they about having my Affairs in a settled Condition, or that I would wrong my Heir for I know not what. Well *Nic.* I really cannot but applaud thy Diligence, I must own this is really a pretty sort of a Trick, but it shan't do thy Business for all that.

C H A P. IV.

*How Lewis Baboon came to visit John Bull,
and what pass'd between them.*

I Think it is but ingenuous to acquaint the Reader, that this Chapter was not wrote by Sir *Humphry* himself, but by another

ther very able Pen of the University of Grub-street.

John had (by some good Instructions that was given him by Sir *Roger*) got the better of his Cholerick Temper, and wrought himself up to a great steadiness of Mind, to pursue his own Interest through all Impediments that were thrown in the way ; he began to leave off some of his old Acquaintance, his roaring and bullying about the Streets ; he put on a serious Air, knit his Brows, and for the time had made a very considerable Progress in Politicks, considering that he had been kept a Stranger to his own Affairs. However, he could not help discovering some Remains of his Nature, when he happen'd to meet with a Foot-Ball, or a Match at Cricket ; for which Sir *Roger* was sure to take him to Task. *John* was walking about his Room with folded Arms, and a most thoughtful Countenance, his Servant brought him Word that one *Lewis Baboon* below wanted to speak with him. *John* had got an Impression that *Lewis* was so deadly a cunning Man, that he was afraid to venture himself alone with him : At last he took Heart of Grace. *Let him come up* (quoth he) *it is but sticking to my Point, and he can never over-reach me.*

Lewis

Lewis Baboon. Monsieur *Bull* I will frankly acknowledge, that my Behaviour to my Neighbours has been somewhat uncivil, and I believe you will readily grant me, that I have met with Usage accordingly. I was fond of Back-sword and Cudgel Play from my Youth, and I now bear in my Body many a black and blue Gash and Scars, God knows. I had as good a Ware-house, and as fair Possessions as any of my Neighbours, tho' I say it; but a contentious Temper, flattering Servants, and unfortunate Stars, have brought me into Circumstances that are not unknown to you. These my Misfortunes are heighten'd by domestick Calamities, that I need not relate. I am a poor old batter'd Fellow, and I would willingly end my Days in Peace: But alas, I see but small Hopes of that, for every new Circumstance affords an Argument to my Enemies to pursue their Revenge; formerly I was to be bang'd because I was too Strong, and now because I am too weak to resist, I am to be brought down when too Rich, and oppressed when too Poor. *Nic. Frog* has used me like a *Scoundrel*; You are a Gentleman, and I freely put my self in your Hands, to dispose of me as you think fit.

J. Bull. Look you, Master *Baboon*, as to your Usage of your Neighbours, you had best not dwell too much upon that Chapter; let it suffice at present that you have been met with, you have been rolling a great Stone up hill all your Life, and at last it has come tumbling down till it is like to crush you to pieces: Plain dealing is best. If you have any particular Mark, Mr. *Baboon*, whereby one may know when you Fib, and when you speak Truth, you had best tell it me, that one may proceed accordingly; but since at present I know of none such, it is better that you should trust me, than that I should trust you.

L. Baboon. I know of no particular Mark of Veracity, amongst us Tradesmen, but Interest; and it is manifestly mine not to deceive you at this time; you may safely trust me, I can assure you.

J. Bull. The Trust I give is in short this, I must have something in Hand before I make the Bargain, and the rest before it is concluded.

L. Baboon. To shew you I deal fairly, name your Something.

J. Bull. I need not tell thee, old Boy; thou canst guess.

L. Baboon.

L. Baboon. Ecclesdun Castle, I'll warrant you, because it has been formerly in your Family! Say no more, you shall have it.

J. Bull. I shall have it to m'own self?

L. Baboon. To thy n'own self.

J. Bull. Every Wall, Gate, Room, and Inch of *Ecclesdun Castle*, you say?

L. Baboon. Just so.

J. Bull. Every single Stone of *Ecclesdun Castle*, to m'own self, speedily!

L. Baboon. When you please, what needs more Words?

J. Bull. But tell me, old Boy, hast thou laid aside all thy *Equivocals* and *Mentals* in this Cafe?

L. Baboon. There is nothing like Matter of Fact; Seeing is Believing.

J. Bull. Now thou talk'st to the Purpose; let us shake Hands, old Boy. Let me ask thee one Question more, What hast thou to do to meddle with the Affairs of my Family? To dispose of my Estate, old Boy?

L. Baboon. Just as much as you have to do with the Affairs of Lord *Strutt*.

J. Bull. Ay, but my Trade, my very Being, was concern'd in that.

L. Baboon. And my Interest was concern'd in the other: But let us drop both our Pretences; for I believe it is a moot Point, whether

ther I am more likely to make a Master *Bull*,
or you a Lord *Strutt*.

J. Bull. Agreed, old Boy ; but then I must have Security that I shall carry my Broad-cloth to Market, old Boy.

L. Baboon. That you shall : *Ecclesdun Castle ! Ecclesdun !* Remember that : Why would'st thou not take it when it was offer'd thee some Years ago ?

J. Bull. I would not take it, because they told me thou would'st not give it me.

L. Baboon. How could Monsieur *Bull* be so grossly abused by downright Nonsense ? They that advised you to refuse, must have believed I intended to give, else why would they not make the Experiment ? But I can tell you more of that Matter than perhaps you know at present.

J. Bull. But what say'st thou as to the Esquire, *Nic. Frog*, and the rest of the Tradesmen ? I must take Care of them.

L. Baboon. Thou hast but small Obligations to *Nic.* to my certain Knowledge : He has not us'd me like a Gentleman.

J. Bull. *Nic.* indeed, is not very nice in your Punctilio's of Ceremony ; he is Clownish, as a Man may say ; Belching and Calling of Names have been allowed him Time out of Mind, by Prescription : But however, we are

en-

engag'd in one Common Cause, and I must look after them.

L. Baboon. All Matters that relate to him, and the rest of the Plaintiffs in this Law-Suit, I will refer to your Justice.

C H A P. V.

Nic. Frog's Letter to John Bull; wherein he endeavours to vindicate all his Conduct, with relation to John Bull and the Law-Suit.

NIC. perceiv'd now that his Cully had envelop'd, that *John* intended henceforth to deal without a Broker; but he was resolv'd to leave no Stone unturn'd to recover his Bubble: Amongst other Artifices, he wrote a most obliging Letter, which he sent him Printed in a fair Character.

Dear Friend,

' When I consider the late ill Usage I have
 ' met with from you, I was reflecting what
 ' it was that could provoke you to it; but
 ' upon a narrow Inspection into my Con-
 ' duct, I can find nothing to reproach my
 ' self with, but too partial a Concern for
 ' your Interest. You no sooner set this
 ' Composition a-foot, but I was ready to
 ' comply, and prevented your very Wishes;
 ' and

and the Affair might have been ended before now, had it not been for the greater Concerns of Esq; *South*, and the other poor Creatures, embark'd in the same Common Cause, whose Safety touches me to the Quick. You seem'd a little jealous that I had dealt unfairly with you in Money-matters, till it appear'd by your own Accounts, that there was something due to me upon the Ballance. Having nothing to answer to so plain a Demonstration, you began to complain as if I had been familiar with your Reputation; when it is well known, not oniy I, but the meanest Servant in my Family, talk of you with the utmost Respect. I have always, as far as in me lies, exhorted your Servants and Tenants to be dutiful; not that I any ways meddle in your domestick Affairs, which were very unbecoming for me to do. If some of your Servants express their great Concern for you in a Manner that is not so very polite, you ought to impute it to their extraordinary Zeal, which deserves a Reward rather than a Reproof. You cannot reproach me for want of Succes at the *Salutation*, since I am not Master of the Passions and Interests of other Folks. I have beggar'd my self with this Law-Suit, un-

undertaken meerly in Complaisance to you
 and if you would have had but a little Pa-
 tience, I had still greater Things in Reserve
 that I intended to have done for you. I
 hope what I have said will prevail with you
 to lay aside your unreasonable Jealousies,
 and that we may have no more Meetings
 at the *Salutation*, spending our Time and
 Money to no Purpose. My Concern for
 your Welfare and Prosperity, almost makes
 me mad. You may be assur'd I will con-
 tinue to be

*Your affectionate
 Friend and Servant,*
 NIC. FROG.

John receiv'd this with a good deal of
 Sang froid; *Transeat* (quoth *John*) *cum ceteris
 erroribus*: He was now at his Ease; he saw
 he could now make a very good Bargain for
 himself, and a very safe one for other Folks.
 My Shirt (quoth he) is near me, but my
 Skin is nearer: Whilst I take Care of the
 Welfare of other Folks; no Body can blame
 me, to apply a little Balsam to my own Sores.
 It's a pretty thing, after all, for a Man to do
 his own Business; a Man has such a tender
 Concern for himself, there's nothing like it.
 This is somewhat better, I trow, than for

John Bull to be standing in the Market, like a great Dray-horse, with Frog's Paws upon his Head, What will ye give me for this Beast? Serviteur Nic. Frog, you may kiss my Backside if you please. Though *John Bull* has not read your *Aristotles, Plato's, and Machiavels*, he can fee as far into a *Milstone* as another: With that *John* began to chuckle and laugh, till he was like to burst his Sides.

C H A P. VI.

The Discourse that pass'd between Nic. Frog and Esquire South, which John Bull overheard.

*J*ohn thought ev'ry Minute a Year till he got into *Ecclesdun Castle*; he repairs to the *Salutation*, with a Design to break the Matter gently to his Partners: Before he enter'd, he overheard *Nic.* and the *Esquire* in a very pleasant Conference.

Esq; South. O the Ingratitude and Injustice of Mankind! That *John Bull*, whom I have honour'd with my Friendship and Protection so long, should flinch at last, and pretend that he can disburse no more Money for me; that the Family of the *Souths*, by his sneaking Temper, should be kept out of their own.

Nic.

Nic. Frog. An't like your Worship, I am in amaze at it ; I think the Rogue should be compell'd to do his Duty.

Esq; South. That he should prefer his scandalous Pelf, the Dust and Dregs of the Earth, to the Prosperity and Grandeur of my Family !

Nic. Frog. Nay, he is mistaken there too ; for, he would quickly lick himself whole again by his Vails. It's strange he should prefer *Philip Baboon's* Custom to *Esquire South's*.

Esq; South. As you say, that my Clothier, that is to get so much by the Purchase, should refuse to put me in Possession ; did you ever know any Man's Tradesman serve him so before ?

Nic. Frog. No, indeed, an't please your Worship, it is a very unusual Proceeding ; and I would not have been guilty of it for the World. If your Honour had not a great Stock of Moderation and Patience, you would not bear it so well as you do.

Esq; South. It is most intolerable, that's certain *Nic.* and I will be reveng'd.

Nic. Frog. Methinks it is strange, that *Philip Baboon's* Tenants do not all take your Honour's part, considering how good and gentle a Master you are.

Esq; South. True *Nic.* but few are sensible of Merit in this World : It is a great Comfort, to have so faithful a Friend as thy self in so critical a Juncture.

Nic. Frog. If all the World should forsake you, be assur'd *Nic. Frog* never will ; let us stick to our Point, and well manage *Bull*, I'll warrant ye.

Esq; South. Let me kiss thee, dear *Nic.* I have found one honest Man amongst a thousand at last.

Nic. Frog. If it were possible, your Honour has it in your Power to wed me still closer to your Interest.

Esq; South. Tell me quickly, dear *Nic.*

Nic. Frog. You know I am your Tenant ; the Difference between my Leafe and an Inheritance, is such a Trifle, as I am sure you will not grudge your poor Friend ; that will be an Encouragement to go on ; besides, it will make *Bull* as mad as the Devil : You and I shall be able to manage him then to some Purpose.

Esq; South. Say no more, it shall be done *Nic.* to thy Heart's Content.

John, all this while, was listening to this comical Dialogue, and laugh'd heartily in his Sleeve, at the Pride and Simplicity of the *Esquire*, and the fly. Roguery of his Friend

Nic.

Nic. Then of a sudden bolting into the Room, he began to tell them, that he believ'd he had brought *Lewis* to reasonable Terms, if they would please to hear them.

Then they all bawl'd out aloud, *No Composition, Long live Esquire South and the Law!* As *John* was going to proceed, some roar'd, some stamp'd with their Feet, others stop'd their Ears with their Fingers.

Nay, Gentlemen (quoth *John*) if you will but stop Proceeding for a while, you shall judge your selves whether *Lewis*'s Proposals are reasonable.

All. Very fine indeed, stop Proceeding, and so lose a Term.

J. Bull. Not so neither, we have something by way of Advance, he will put us in Possession of his Mannor and Castle of *Ecclesdun*.

Nic. Frog. What dost talk of us, thou mean'st thy self?

J. Bull. When *Frog* took Possession of any thing, it was always said to be for *Us*, and why may not *John Bull* be *Us*, as well as *Nic. Frog* was *Us*? I hope *John Bull* is no more confin'd to Singularity than *Nic. Frog*; or take it so, the constant Doctrine that thou hast preach'd up for many Years, was that Thou and I are one; and why must we be supposed Two in this Case, that were always

ways One before? It's impossible that Thou and I can fall out *Nic.* we must trust one another: I have trusted thee with a great many things, prithee trust me with this one Trifle.

Nic. Frog. That Principle is true in the main; but there is some Speciality in this Case, that makes it highly inconvenient for us both.

J. Bull. Those are your Jealousies, that the common Enemies sow between us; how often haſt thou warn'd me of those Rogues, *Nic.* that would make us mistrustful of one another?

Nic. Frog. This *Ecclesdun-Castle* is only a Bone of Contention.

J. Bull. It depends upon you to make it so, for my part I am as peaceable as a Lamb.

Nic. Frog. But do you consider the unwholesomeness of the Air and Soil, the Expences of Reparations and Servants, I would scorn to accept of such a Quag-mire.

J. Bull. You are a great Man, *Nic.* but in my Circumstances, I must be e'en content to take it as it is.

Nic. Frog. And you are really so silly, as to believe the old cheating Rogue will give it you.

J. Bull:

J. Bull. I believe nothing but Matter of Fact, I stand and fall by that, I am resolv'd to put him to it.

Nic. Frog. And so relinquish the hopeful-est Cause in the World, a Claim that will certainly in the End, make thy Fortune for ever.

J. Bull. Wilt thou purchase it *Nic.*? thou shalt have a lumping Pennyworth; nay, ra-ther than we should differ, I'll give thee something to take it off my Hands.

Nic. Frog. If thou would'st but moderate that hasty impatient Temper of thine, thou should'st quickly see a better thing than all that: What should'st thou think to find old *Lewis* turn'd out of his Paternal Estates and Mansion-house of *Clay-Pool*? Would not that do thy Heart good to see thy old Friend *Nic. Frog* Lord of *Clay-Pool*? Then thou and thy Wife and Children shall walk in my Gar-dens, buy Toys, drink Lemonade, and now and then we should have a Country-dance.

J. Bull. I love to be plain, I'd as lieve see my self in *Ecclesdun Castle*, as thee in *Clay-Pool*. I tell you again, *Lenis* gives this as a Pledge of his Sincerity, if you won't stop Proceeding to hear him, I will.

C H A P. VII.

The rest of Nic's Fetches to keep John out of Ecclesdun-Castle.

WHEN Nic. could not dissuade *John* by Argument, he tried to move his Pity, he pretended to be sick and like to die, that he should leave his Wife and Children in a starving Condition, if *John* did abandon him; that he was hardly able to crawl about the Room, far less capable to look after such a troublesome Business as this Law-Suit, and therefore begg'd that his good Friend would not leave him. When he saw that *John* was still inexorable, he pull'd out a Case-Knife, with which he used to Sneaker-snee, and threatned to cut his own Throat. ' Thrice he aim'd the Knife to his Wind-pipe with a most determin'd threatening Air. What signifies Life (quoth he) in this languishing Condition, it will be some Pleasure that my Friends will revenge my Death upon this barbarous Man, that has been the Cause of it? All this while *John* look'd Sedate and Calm, neither offering in the least to snatch the Knife, nor stop his Blow, trusting to the Tenderness Nic. had for his own Person: When he perceiv'd that *John* was im-

immovable in his Purpose, he apply'd himself to *Lewis*.

Art thou (quoth he) turn'd Bubble in thy Old Age, from being a Sharper in thy Youth? what occasion hast thou to give up *Ecclesden Castle* to *John Bull*? his Friendship is not worth a Rush, give it me and I'll make it worth the while. If thou dislikest that Proposition, keep it thy self, I'd had rather thou shouldest have it than he. If thou hearkens not to my Advice, take what follows; Esquire *South* and I will go on with our Law-suit in Spite of *John Bull's* Teeth.

L. Baboon. Monsieur *Bull* has used me like a Gentleman, and I am resolved to make good my Promise, and trust him for the Consequences.

Nic. Frog. Then I tell thee thou art an old doating Fool. With that *Nic.* bounc'd up with a Spring equal to that of one of your nimblest Tumblers or Rope Dancers, falls foul upon *John Bull* to snatch the Cudgel he had in his Hand, that he might Thwack *Lewis* with it. *John* held it fast, so that there was no wrenching it from him. At last Esquire *South* buckl'd to, to assist his Friend *Nic.* *John* hall'd on one Side, and they two on the other; sometimes they were like to pull *John* over; then it went, all of a sudden

again, on *John*' Side, so they went see-sawing up and down, from one End of the Room to the other: Down tumbled the Tables, Bottles, Glaſſes, and Tobacco Pipes: The Wine and the Tobacco were all ſpilt about the Room, and the little Fellows were almoſt trod under Foot, 'till more of the Tradesmen joining with *Nic.* and the Esquire, *John* was hardly able to pull againſt them all, yet he never quit hold of his truſty Cudgel; which by the contranitent Force of two ſo great Powers, broke ſhort in his Hands. *Nic.* feiz'd the longer End, and with it began to Bastinado Old *Lewis*, who had ſlung into a Corner, waiting the Event of this Squabble. *Nic.* came up to him with an iſolent menacing Air, ſo that the old Fellow was forc'd to ſkuttle out of the Room, and retire behind a Dung-cart: He call'd to *Nic.*, thou iſolent Jackanapes, time was when thou durſt not have uſed me ſo, thou now takeſt me unprovided, but old and iſirm as I am, I ſhall find a Weapon by and by to chalſiſe thy Impudence.

When *John Ball* had recover'd his Breath, he began to parly with *Nic.* Friend *Nic.*, I am glad to find thee ſo ſtrong after thy great Complaints; really thy Motions *Nic.* are pretty Vigorous for a conſumptive Man. As for thy worldly

worldly Affairs *Nic.*, if it can do thee any Service, I freely make over to thee this profitable Law-Suit; and I desire all these Gentlemen to bear Witness to this my Act and Deed, yours be all the Gain, as mine has been the Charges, I have brought it to bear finely: However, all I have laid out upon it goes for nothing, thou shalt have it with all its Appurtenances, I ask nothing but leave to go home.

Nic. Frog. The Counsel are fee'd, and all Things prepared for a Trial, thou shalt be forced to stand the Issue: It shall be pleaded in thy Name as well as mine: Go home if thou can't, the Gates are shut, the Turn-pikes locked, and the Roads barracado'd.

J. Bull. Even these very Ways *Nic.* that thou toldest me, were as open to me as thy self? If I can't pass with my own Equipage, what can I expect for my Goods and Wag-gons? I am denied Passage through thoie very Grounds that I have purchased with my own Money; however, I am glad I have made the Experiment, it may serve me in some stead.

John Bull was so over-joy'd that he was going to take Possession of *Ecclesdun*, that nothing could vex him. *Nic.* (quoth he) I

am just a going to leave thee, cast a kind Look upon me at parting.

Nic. look'd sowl and grum, and would not open his Mouth.

J. Bull. *I wish thee all the Success that thy Heart can desire, and that these honest Gentlemen of the long Rob may have their Belly full of Law.*

Nic could stand it no longer, but flung out of the Room with Disdain, and beckon'd the Lawyers to follow him.

J. Bull. *Buy, buy, Nic, not one poor Smile at parting, won't you shake your day day, Nic? Buy Nic:* With that John march'd out of the common Road cross the Country, to take Possession of Ecclesdun.

C H A P. VIII.

Of the great Joy that John express'd when he got Possession of Ecclesdun.

WHEN John had got into his Castle, he seem'd like Ulysses upon his Plank after he had been well sou'd in Salt-water; who (as Homer says) was as glad as a Judge going to sit down to Dinner, after hearing a long Cause upon the Bench. I dare say John Bull's Joy was equal to that of either of the two: he skip'd from Room to Room; ran up

up Stairs and down Stairs, from the Kitchen to the Garrets, and from the Garrets to the Kitchen ; he peep'd into every Crany ; sometimes he admired the Beauty of the Architecture, and the vast Solidity of the Mafons Work ; at other times he commended the Symmetry and Proportion of the Rooms. He walk'd about the Gardens ; he Bath'd himself in the Canal, swimming, diving, and beating the liquid Element, like a milk-white Swan. The Hall resounded with the sprightly Violin and the martial Hautboy. The Family trip'd it about and Caper'd like *Hail-stones bounding from a Marble Floor* : Wine, Ale and October flew about as plentifully as Kennel Water ; then a Frolick took John in the Head to call up some of Nic. Frog's Pensioners that had been so mutinous in his Family.

J. Bull. Are you glad to see your Master in Ecclesdun Castle ?

All. Yes indeed, Sir.

J. Bull. Extremely glad ?

All. Extremely glad, Sir.

J. Bull. Swear to me that you are so.

Then they began to damn and sink their Souls to the lowest Pit of Hell, if any Person in the World rejoic'd more than they did

J: Bull. Now hang me if I don't believe you are a Parcel of perjur'd Rascals; however take this Bumper of October to your Master's Health.

Then *John* got upon the Battlements, and looking over he call'd to *Nic Frog*.

How d'ye do *Nic*? D'ye see where I am *Nic*? I hope the Cause goes on swimmingly *Nic*; when dost thou intend to go to *Clay-Pool, Nic*? Wilt thou buy there some High-Heads of the newest Cut for my Daughters? How comest thou to go with thy Arm tied up? Has old *Lewis* given thee a Rap over the Finger-ends? Thy Weapon was a good One when I weilded it, but the Butt-end remains in my Hands. I am so busy in packing up my Goods, that I have no time to talk with thee any longer: It would do thy Heart good to see what Waggon Loads I am preparing for Market; if thou wantest any good Office of mine, for all that has happen'd, I will use thee well *Nic*; buy *Nic*:

*†\$ John Bull's *Thanks to Sir Roger, anl Nic. Frog's Malediction upon all Shrews, the Original Cause of his Misfortunes, are reserv'd for the next Volume.*

The CONTENTS.

<i>Chap. 1. THE Sequel of the History of the Meeting at the Salutation,</i>	Page 7
<i>Chap. 2. How John Bull and Nic. Frog settled their Accompts,</i>	p. 13
<i>Chap. 3. How John Bull found all his Family in an Uproar at Home,</i>	p 20
<i>Chap. 4. How Lewis Baboon came to visit John Bull, and what pass'd between them,</i>	p. 25
<i>Chap. 5. Nic. Frog's Letter to John Bull; wherein he endeavours to vindicate all his Conduct, with relation to John Bull and the Law-Suit,</i>	p. 31
<i>Chap. 6. The Discourse that pass'd between Nic Frog and Esquire South, which John Bull overheard,</i>	p. 34
<i>Chap. 7. The rest of Nic's Fetches to keep John out of Ecclesdun-Castle,</i>	p. 40
<i>Chap. 8. Of the great Joy that John expressed when he got Possession of Ecclesdun,</i>	p. 44

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THE HOUSE

OF COMMONS
ON THE READING OF THE BILL
FOR THE REFORM OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS



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